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on the betting accessories of the turf. A jockey, like Caesar's wife, should be above suspicion. He cannot be so if he accepts money from a man who has won large sums by means of his clever riding. Jockeys who have faith in their own abilities and in the speed of their mounts are well supplied with the wherewithal to increase their incomes by the hazards of the betting ring. Jockeys are, as a class, well paid, and experts command better salaries than many competent business men. There is no sufficient reason why a rider should receive a present of \$500 for good riding from any one except his employer.

The giving of such presents is suspicious, and a continuance of the practice would throw discredit on the turf. The stewards of the Jockey Club may have been unnecessarily severe in their treatment of Mr. Grannan, and in the course of time he will probably be restored to his former standing; but the spirit of the action was commendable, and it will work for the increase of cleanliness in horse racing.

**THEORIES AND CONDITIONS.**  
Of their mounts are well supplied with "How can the price of a gold dollar be more or less than a dollar, more or less than itself?" inquires the Evening Post, indignantly.

"How can they put you in jail?" asked the lawyer of his client, who even then peered dolefully out between the bars of his cell.

The Post cannot to-day buy a gold dollar in New York for a dollar. The price of this much eulogized, but rapidly disappearing coin is in the neighborhood of \$1.50.

This is, however, an instance beside the real point. The United States gold dollar has a fancy price not because it is gold, but because since the Government ceased coining it it has become an interesting illustration of the theory of the "McKinleyite" tendency at nothing the Government can do to create a value.

Inquiring, however, the Post says: "There is no such thing as a free lunch." Here again our excellent contemporary is confronted by a collision of not a theory. Any of its adoring business men can inform that gold has a price, that its price varies, and as a result of its variations it is as good as dead.

But, says the Evening Post, "Gold is itself price." In a sense this is true. With one gold bar of determined weight and fineness you can get another gold bar of the same weight and fineness. But you probably could swap one copy of the Evening Post for another of the same edition, yet even the editor of that instructive publication would hardly argue that this proved his newspaper "without price."

We cannot agree with our McKinleyite neighbor. Gold has its price even in the narrow sense of being quoted in the exchanges. In a broader way its price is measured by its relation to all commodities. In this sense its price has long been and still is increasing, and accordingly the man who must have gold to pay his debts must give up a continually increasing share of his produce to secure it. And we are all debtors, all sharers in national, State, county, township, railroad and other corporation debts, which under existing conditions are payable in gold.

We pay these debts, we who pay taxes, who pay our water rates, who pay freight and fares. McKinleyite organs ignore the fact that in the end the interest account and the principal of every public or quasi-public debt are paid by the common people. It behooves the people, therefore, to listen no longer to false counsellors, but to see to it that the price of gold they must buy to pay their debts be not increased by legislation.

**PLEASE EXPLAIN.**

Of the mighty army of Republican journalists the voters in this campaign may reasonably ask for information which will harmonize the very conflicting instructions which are being offered as to the issues before them.

For example, if a voracious monster lurking somewhere unseen in Colorado and Montana, called the Silver Trust, is engaged in an effort to carry this election by sheer force of its ill-gotten millions, why do the Republican papers derisively ring the changes on the utter poverty of the Democratic National Committee, and point out with glee that a party without a campaign fund cannot hope to carry an election?

Again, if silver trusts are harmful, what of the gold trust which now exists—trust which has been established by the Silver Trust? Or the gold trust which has been established by the Silver Trust? Or the gold trust which has been established by the Silver Trust?

United States could supply the National Treasury with the gold it needs—or, rather, which Carlisle mistakenly thought it needed? And what of the coal trust and water trust of which Garret A. Hobart, the Republican nominee for the Vice-Presidency, is part and parcel, or the Standard Oil trust, for which he was once attorney? Trusts being conspiracies against the public well being, why ignore the fact that every recognized trust in the United States is arrayed in behalf of McKinley?

Wherein lies the consistency in the policy of a newspaper which, ranking Lincoln next to Washington, attacks Democracy for making complaint of the Supreme Court in language vastly more temperate and conservative than that upon which Lincoln was elected?

What of the intelligence of the censor of political manners who sees anarchy in reference to unjust and inequitable social conditions, but discerns only sturdy patriotism in rowdy efforts to force the Democratic candidate from the platform? In short, why is the crow black or white according as it happens to be with Bryan or with McKinley?

Thus far in this campaign the logical, straightforward argument has been presented without deviation by the advocates of Mr. Bryan. Against him the battle has been fought with epithets, with ridicule, with cruel slander and, when argument has been employed, it has often been controverted by the very writer or speaker who employs it. The economic intellect which daily prophesies a 100-cent dollar for silver mine owners which shall be a 50-cent dollar to everybody else is equal to every task except that of humbugging all the people all the time.

**DR. PARKHURST AND DEITY.**

On his return from Europe the other day the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst made an announcement for publication which has attracted general attention. In laying down the law as a monetary expert, the clergyman said:

The idea of trying to make a thing worth one dollar which is only worth 53 cents is absurd. It is trying to do a thing which the Almighty cannot do. I say this with reverence.

Other monetary experts of at least as high authority as Dr. Parkhurst, and rather better known, have no doubt whatever that the opening of the mints of the United States to free coinage of silver and gold at the ratio of 16 to 1 would at once bring the bullion price of the silver dollar up to its coin value. As no clergyman could say that this, being done, had been done in defiance of the will of the Almighty, there is a widespread curiosity to learn what Dr. Parkhurst would do under the mortifying circumstances. Would he bolt his Maker? Jaymen are asking. We think not. It must be remembered that the Doctor in placing blows on the power of Deity did so "with reverence." Dr. Parkhurst would probably content himself with entering a dignified protest.

**A SINNER AGAINST THE LIGHT.**

Murmurs rise from some of the more sagacious gold standard organs that it would be wise were Mr. Hanna to remove Major McKinley from the porch.

When at liberty to say what he thinks, to discourse on the merits of the protective system, for instance, he talks very well. But when Major McKinley, an old bimetalist, as the nominee of the interests which derive unearned wealth from the gold standard, finds himself under the necessity of standing forth and echoing the campaign twaddle of the monometallic press, he becomes a person of pity. Yet he drudges away at "the 53-cent dollar" that free coinage is to give us, according to the gold advocates—the same free coinage that is likewise, according to them again, to "enrich beyond the dreams of avarice" the silver miners, though the bullion in the dollar is to continue to be worth only what it is now, 53 cents.

There is no man in the United States who is better aware than Major McKinley of the utter brainlessness of this self-contradicting nonsense. When he appears on the porch to utter it he faces his own speeches of a few years back, in which he argued earnestly for free coinage, and arraigned President Cleveland for his policy of "increasing the value of money and diminishing the value of everything else—making money the master and everything else the servant." There confronts him, too, his letter to E. S. Perkins, of Weymouth, Ohio, written from Washington on September 27, 1894—a letter that declared unreservedly for the "free and unlimited coinage of the silver product of the United States." He had no objection then to the making of a profit, small or large, by those who should furnish the people with the material for good money.

In the light of our knowledge of what Major McKinley's real convictions are—convictions expressed before he went into slavery to Mark Hanna and the money manipulators, and when he had, as now, for being insincere—how can we see him day after day, in the face of the facts, uttering such pretended arguments as "sound" money which

knows to be unsound. And these arguments, that depend for their acceptance upon the ignorance of those who listen to them, are not even the Major's own. He but parrots the Hanna organs that have delivered themselves from the obligation of veracity and hardly defy the very alphabet of finance. He is ashamed, perhaps, knowing what is true, to add anything to the dreary stream of false twaddle.

Poor Major McKinley! He is a pitiable figure, indeed.

**TWO STORIES.**

Will our able Republican contemporaries ever get together, stick to the same article and color their news the same hue, instead of giving it a Scotch plaid effect?

What can voters think when they read in a morning McKinleyite paper an account of the enormous campaign contributions of the silver barons, headed thus:

**THE SILVER TRUST.**

What 16 to 1 Means to the Plutocratic Mining Syndicate. And then find in a paper of the same political complexion published in the evening the news of the destitution of the Democratic Committee, headed thus:

**POPCRATS' HARD TIMES.**

Deserted by Silver Senators and Their Backers.

Our friends the enemy should at least pick out one story and stick to it.

**PITY THE POOR BANKER.**

There is an old song which begins thus: "I dare not go a-hunting for fear of little men." With a little alteration the refrain of this ballad would fall like an anthem on the ears of a certain banker. "I dare not go a-hunting for fear of Bryan men." According to the veracious chronicle of the Evening Post, one honest banker had planned to take a vacation at the opening of the shooting season in November, when he designed to kill a few quail. Ordinarily this good banker, when he wishes to shoot quail instead of knifing candidates on Election Day, invites some other banker of opposite political faith to pair with him, so that his valuable vote may not be lost to the party. This year, however, the banker cannot find another banker who is going to vote the other ticket. For, strange as it may seem, all his banker friends are going to vote for the advance agent of prosperity—for bankers.

It is a lamentable state of affairs that robs a banker of his vacation. In the same state of affairs the workman is getting a great deal of vacation. He does not get it on precisely the same terms as the banker; but what difference does that make—to the banker? The financial personage will go right on drawing the interest on his bonds and stocks whether he takes a vacation or not. The workman, on the other hand, will not draw anything but breath, and if the vacation lasts long enough he may finally cease to draw even that. But that is no reason why workmen should be so selfish as to abridge the privileges of the rich. Bankers should be permitted to go shooting on Election Day, but if other bankers will not pair with them we really do not know what they are going to do. The workman, with his customary lack of consideration for those whom Providence has placed in authority over him, will take the vacation he cannot avoid and stay at home to vote for Mr. Bryan. If the banker's view shall prevail, it will be an admirable time to repeat the familiar remark: "God help the rich; the poor can beg."

An esteemed evening contemporary rejoices over the announcement that young Thomas F. Bayard "is another young Democrat bearing a great name who has turned away from the Popocratic standard to support the cause of honest money." In order that our contemporary's joy may not be wholly unconfined, let it note the fact that the name of Robert Treat Paine, Jr., who presented the platform at the Democratic Convention of Massachusetts, and who is a staunch supporter of Mr. Bryan, represents a good deal more in American history than that of Bayard.

Our contemporary, by looking westward, may discover Jesse Grant, who also bears a great name, eager to take the stump for Mr. Bryan. Names of great men, to alter Longfellow's words, remind them that they can make their lives sublime.

Mark Hanna's regard for railway employes is a lately developed affair, while that of Mr. Bryan goes back to February 21, 1893, on which day he made a speech in the House of Representatives urging the bill providing for safety car couplers.

The call on Mr. McKinley to denounce trusts is ridiculous. Why not demand that he force Hobart off his ticket and dispense with the services of Mark Hanna?

Mr. Hanna is a wonderful campaigner in one respect. He is busily engaged in rescuing States which he has all along asserted were in no danger.

Perhaps Mr. Hill observes by this time that the Democratic party of this State is large enough to move without his assistance.

## THE JOURNAL'S FUND.

### The People Everywhere Have Responded Nobly to the Call for Aid.

Here follows the full list of subscriptions sent in yesterday to the fund for educating the voters:

Members of Record Chapel, Washington, D. C.	2.50
Edward Allen, Baltimore, Md.	2.00
One Who Heard Bryan....	2.00
Die Tafelrunde at Paul Schmidt's.....	10.10
Jacob Michel, Piffard, N. Y.	.25
W. E. Clarke, Elmira, N. Y.	.10
Woman's Bryan Club, Los Angeles, Cal.	.50
Poor Travelling Locksmith, Buffalo.....	1.00
J. Barry, Schaghticoke, N. Y.	1.00
D. Conner, Schaghticoke, N. Y.	1.00
F. Hurley, Schaghticoke, N. Y.	1.00
Dr. Lyons, Schaghticoke, N. Y.	1.00
Literature Club, Silver Plume, Col.	60.00
Joseph A. Courson, East Orange, N. J.	2.00
Thirty-First Ward Democratic Association, Philadelphia, Pa.	10.00
J. B. Townsend, Pa.	.01
Levis Lakey, Delhi, Tenn.	5.00
R. P. Lockhart, Selma, Ala.	1.00
Hon. P. H. O'Bannon, Washington.....	5.00
Clarence I. Miller, Washington.....	1.00
H. M. Miller, Washington.....	1.00
H. F. Keyser, Washington.....	1.00
G. H. Moffitt, Washington.....	1.00
Friend.....	1.00
Three New York Democrats Dental Student, Chicago.....	1.00
B. F. Sleepen, Westminster, Vt.	4.20
One of the 70,000,000, Atlanta, Ga.	.50
J. T. Wernham, Austin.....	1.00
Geo. Howe, Providence, R. I.	1.00
Seventh Ward Bryan and Sewall Club, York, Pa.	2.00
J. J. Blodgett, Tiffin, O.	2.00
English Gold Mines, Atlanta, Ga.	5.00
Single Tax Farmer, Chestertown, Md.	3.00
A. M. Flint, Kansas, O.	1.00
W. J. McFerrin, Nashville, Tenn.	1.00
W. P. Anderson, Nashville, Tenn.	1.00
A Visitor, Denver, Col.	100.00
Sound Money Bryanite.....	.50
J. M. Newark, N. J.	.05
Old Soldier, Rock Hill, Mont.	1.00
John XXX, Philadelphia Pa.	5.00
Wall Street, N. Y. City.....	5.00
One day's subscription to the fund.....	\$254.71
The Journal's subscription to the fund.....	254.71
Previously acknowledged and subscribed.....	18,917.26
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$19,426.68</b>

It is very improbable that Mr. Hanna, with all the vast sums he has wrong from the trusts, will gain more for his cause than the Democracy will accomplish with its comparatively small popular subscriptions. A corruption fund can be of little avail in the face of the grave and vital interests that this campaign has developed. The light of knowledge and a serious discussion of the problems to be met, are the only factors to be seriously considered in such a case.

The American people are pretty well awake to the need for action of a vigorous sort. All they require is a clear guidance in the right direction.

This guidance the Democracy intends to give, and as one means toward that end the Journal's fund has been instituted, and the Journal has hitherto and will for a few days longer duplicate all subscriptions received. Every cent added to it makes it a more potent factor for good. Here follow letters received yesterday:

W. R. Hearst:

Please find enclosed New York draft to your order for \$25.75 to be added to your glorious fund. We maintain our allegiance to the forerunner who moved from off the sands of British domination and founded this Government upon the rock of liberty. We honor every true patriot from the dawn of our freedom down to the present. We believe that our free institutions are threatened by a plutocracy that seeks to thrust upon the people that iniquitous thing known as the gold standard that their power may thereby become absolute. We believe that the people are at hand, and that if the principles prevail as set forth in the Chicago platform, and advocated by our magnificent and patriotic leader, William Jennings Bryan, that the rights of the people as granted by the Constitution will be restored through a peaceful revolution, and a great national calamity averted.

We appeal to the voters not to be intimidated by threats from those in position to dictate; while it may be good policy to keep a close mouth regarding your views, remember that once inside the voting booth you are beyond the reach of the demon who would deprive you of your rights as an American citizen.

We believe that our cause is just and right; therefore we are confident of victory.

**THE JOURNAL'S FUND FOR EDUCATING THE VOTERS.**

VILLE, PA.

Frederick, Md., Sept. 25, 1896.

W. R. Hearst:

During the past ten years we have seen ours, the fairest land that ever the sun shone on, fall from 35 to 50 per cent in value, the wheat from our hills and valleys fall 50 per cent, and we have at last reached that glorious period when a ton of corn equals in price a ton of coal. During the same time we have seen banks and bankers increase and multiply, trust companies crowd every business center, syndicates, monopolies and trusts flourish as even the weeds do not; the conservative agricultural interests, the basis of republican institutions, fall into ruinous decay; the dealers and manipulators of money, the jobbers, speculators and monopoly-mongers wax fat, industry and economy reward those who practise them with a bare living and scanty wages for the future; while sharp impudence, want of scruple and grinding greed gather in the rich harvests and are clothed in purple and the linen; these are what the gold standard has produced, or been the large and efficient instrument in producing. Therefore we support Bryan and Sewall and send this small contribution.

HAMILTON LINDSAY.

W. R. Hearst:

Enclosed find \$1 toward the fund for educating the people on the subject of sound finance. Shakespeare has said: "There is no darkness but ignorance," and this quotation applies to the ignorance on the money question of to-day. Every voter owes the duty to himself of turning the light of knowledge on this darkness before the election of November 3. This is all the aid needed for the cause. So send to the Journal, and hoping right may triumph at the polls, I am, respectfully yours,

MRS. N. A. L.

## "A GENTLEMAN" ON BRYAN AND THE TRUSTS.

Editor New York Journal:

It was my intention to leave to others henceforward the discussion of the issues of this miserable, this senseless, this senseless campaign. But my duty as a man of social and financial responsibilities induces me once more to take up my pen. Last night I attended the mass meeting at Tammany Hall, and a more painful, distressing spectacle a lover of his country could not witness. There on the platform was the arch demagogue Bryan, and before him a great, howling mob of the lower orders frantically cheering sentiments that if carried into legislative effect would send this nation down in ruin and dishonor. His whole speech was a farrago of vicious nonsense, but the portion of it with which I desire to deal is what follows. He said: "I am opposed to trusts. As an Executive I shall use what power I have to drive every trust out of existence."

That atrocious declaration, sir, was made by a man who is commonly credited, he knows as well as I do, as well as every decently informed man knows, that trusts, instead of being an evil, are highly beneficial to the masses, who must have employers and protectors, and are indispensably necessary to those who compose the trusts. What is a trust? Merely a combination of capitalists to reduce the cost of production and increase profits. The trust is the inevitable, the legitimate and the beneficent offspring of that tendency toward combination which is enforced, indeed alone made possible, by modern civilization with its enormously improved means of communication and transportation. The trust is the foe of competition, which always lessens the gains of capital. The trust has become the cornerstone of our industrial system, and to remove it, as this Anarchist Bryan promises to do, would bring the edifice of society crashing about our ears.

To the trusts we owe many, if not most, of our great fortunes, and without great fortunes we cannot have an upper class—a leisure class, luxurious and refined, giving encouragement to art and letters and whatever beautifies life and serves to distinguish the gentleman and lady from the mere man and woman.

When, therefore, a candidate for the Presidency of the United States rises in the chief city of this great nation and declares his intention of abolishing the trusts, he does what Gladstone or Salisbury would do were either to announce in London on the eve of an election that, if made Prime Minister, he would bring in a bill for dispossessing the nobility of their lands. Without having their root in the land it is manifest that no nobility could exist, or at least exist and hold political sway over the middle and lower classes.

The founders of this Republic, animated by hatred of England and all her venerable institutions, and inflamed by the war spirit, which is ever destructive and leveling, made us heirs to much evil in the state by prohibiting in the Constitution laws of primogeniture and entail. Thus are our best men, our greatest men, the creators of vast fortunes, prevented from securely founding mighty families that would permanently give us the gracious influences of lineage and wealth combined. The course of the country has been to the better classes have learned to look with confidence for sympathy and conservative decisions that serve as a breakwater against the waves of agrarianism and communism—in obedience to the behests of the inherited radical spirit of our laws, are too frequently hostile to the wills of gentlemen who leave their property bound up in trusts, with the aim of founding houses.

I say, sir, that the trusts which this clamorous iconoclast from Nebraska would smite and destroy are as necessary to the welfare—financial, political and social—of the aristocracy of America as are their landed estates to the dominance of the British nobility.

I ask you what the country is coming to when such insane threats are made with apparent seriousness by a candidate for the Presidency and met by the encouragement of the lower with an enthusiasm as fervid as that with which the mob of Paris receives the playing of the "Marseillaise" by revolutionary bands?

Thank God, the better classes of the United States are not asleep, as was the aristocracy of France in the last century. We are wide awake to the meaning of this continent-wide uprising of the gutters, and the Hodge of the rural regions, against wealth and vested interests. And being wide awake, we are meeting the same cliques with a firmness and resolution against which their crazy ardor for robbery and destruction cannot prevail. November will teach the proletariat, once again that, however much they may outnumber us, they are no match for our superior intellect and our war-chest.

Yet I confess that the hideous roars of applause which I heard at Tammany Hall when the new Robespierre drew his sword upon the trusts, upon wealth, brains and respectability, disturbed me somewhat. Early to-day I visited and conferred with Mr. Mark Hanna. He assured that my fears were set at rest, and my confidence in the defeat of the cause of Disorder and Ruin was completely restored. Calm, masterful, smiling, resolute and prepared at all points for the enemy, that wonderful man, as I have never failed to find him, perfectly certain of the triumph of property, civilization and national honor in this terrible conflict.